12.

# THE NOBLE CAVALIER *CARACTERISED,* AND A REBELLIOUS CAVILLER *CARACTERISED.*

By JOHN TAYLOR.

TO begin roundly, soundly, and profoundly, The *Cavalier* is a Gentleman, a Commander on Horse-backe; The *Caviller* is a Rascall, whether he ryde, go, or ride; the *Cavalier* dares fight and be valiant, obey Law, and serve for his Soveraigne, his Countrey, for the true Religion established, for the Lawes, for the Subjects Liberty, for the Rights and Priviledges of Parliaments, and for the peace, conservation and tranquillity of all these he will send his best blood, and life too, and thinke them well spent; the *Caviller* dares quarrell, but not fight, he dares rebell and not *obey*, he transformes his obedience into refractory contempt, his *love* into loathing of Loyalty, his Religion into false hypocriticall Faction, the service of his King he translates into Treason, his service to his Countrey is his Countries ruine, his seeming to support the Lawes, is on purpose to be lawlesse, the Subjects Right and Liberty he metamorphiseth into oppression, slavery and bondage, the Rights and Priviledges of Parliaments he destroyes with defending, and against the peace of all these he will plot, contrive, invent, contemplate, meditate, slander, lye, write, raile, libell, and do or say any thing but what is just, true, and honest.

All which Villanies are so contrary to a *cavalier*, that a greater disparity is not betwixt Light and Darknesse, or between *God* and *Belial*; and although the blacke mouth'd, venom'd tooth'd *Caviller* doth dayly seek to sully and blast the name of a *Cavalier*, by bestowing on them the sweet stinking Epithites and Titles of *Dammy*,

 renounce,

renounce, consume, confound, sinke, and the like execrable Blasphemies, which indeed are inexcusable, and inevitably damnable; yet I must be so plain with the *Caviller*, as to tell him that *Lot's* Incest was no excuse for *Achan's* Theft, *Cain's* committing Murder was no warrant for *Achitophel* to give treacherous Counsell, nor was *Rabshekah's* blasphemy any president for the lying hypocrisie of *Ananias* and *Saphira*; no more are the detestable and damnable Oathes with which the *Caviller* doth charge and scandall the *Cavalier*, any presidents to move or maintain lying, dissimulation, cheating, Rebellion, Treason, *&c.*

Nor can I believe the saint seeming *Caviller*, that the *Cavalier* hath taken all the prophane swearing from him, for if he will but call his seared, cauterized Conscience to a strict examination, it will tell him, that he hath sworne an Oath of Allegiance to be loyall to his King, which Oath is recorded in *Heaven*, and the breach of it is to be punished in *Hell*, of the violation of which Oath the *Cavalier* is guiltlesse, and the *Caviller* most damnably guilty.

We must with humble thankfulnesse confesse the great blessings which the Almighty hath been graciously pleased to multiply upon the learned and pious paines taking of our Preachers, for they do preach and exhort to the amendment of life and manners; they do pray to the God of peace for the peace of God, and they do implore and invocate the Throne of Grace, for the Conversion of all cavilling contentious Preachers, and all the rest of malicious and ignorant seduced *Cavillers*, that (seeing their errours) they may heartily and unfeignedly repent for their Rebellions and Treasons, *against the Lord and against his Anointed*. Those Preachers have so prevailed in their good endeavours, that they have and daily do beat down swearing, and wound the Consciences of the swearers with the Sword of the Spirit, so that the *Cavaliers* can afford the *Cavillers* and their holy Armies all their Oathes, and their Drunkennesse too, although it is manifestly known that you have been alwayes provided, by the helpe of your Grand Signiour of the Lower blacke House, to furnish all the Armies in Christendome with those accursed conditions.

It was never known that all *Souldiers* should be found to be All *Saints*, or that a whole Army consisted of none but godly and religious Persons, some may be drawn (out of blinde zeale) by opinion and imagined good intents; also there are great numbers that beare

Armes

Armes more for company than conſcience, more for ſpoile and plunder than for the Cauſe which they ſeem to ſtand for; ſome plunged deep in Debts run to the Warres for Acquittances, and perhaps pay their Creditours with cutting their throats; ſome ſervants and Apprentices turne raw Souldiers, to free themſelves from their Maſter's command; ſome Fellons, Raviſhers, Man-ſlayers and Murderers, run to the Warres to eſcape the Hangman; and of all theſe virtuous ſorts of Vermin is the *Cavillers* whole Force compacted, whoſe Leaders and Abetters are ambitious, pernicious, avaritious, malicious, ſeditious, not caring how long theſe miſerable calamities of Warre endure, ſo that by their Trickes, Sleights, Votes, Exciſes, Plunderings, Robberies, and extorting Taxations, they make *England* like a Mill, and themſelves (like thieviſh Millers) may imperiouſly and ſecurely take trible Toll of the Goods and Eſtates of all the Engliſh Proteſtants, and loyalleſt Subjects in the Kingdome, or of as much as their uſurping Power can lay hold on. But their zealous Pulpit men have ſo rooted them in the rudiments of Rebellion, that they are perſwaded that their Cauſe is meritorious, their being beaten is victorious, and if they be killed, their deaths are *glorious*; but if they underſtood, that he that deſperately runnes himſelfe into forbidden wickedneſſe (as Rebellion and Treaſon is) doth precipitate himſelfe into needleſſe dangers, and if he catch his death in the action, (for ought I know) he is ſo farre from a reward of future glory, as any of the Devils Martyrs are from eternall happineſſe.

Moreover the *Cavalier* hath a naturall and earneſt deſire to better his condition, he hath that diſcretion as not to wiſh himſelfe worſe to day than he was yeſterday, & deſires to be better to morrow than he is to day; whileſt the *Caviller* followes the Devil's rule, that as he hath been bad, ſo it is his ſafeſt way to be worſe, and that to be worſt of all is his ſecureſt defence, his ſureſt Guard being to defend old wickedneſſes with new villanies, and former tranſgreſſions with quotidian iniquities, for many do go to the Warres, not to loſe their old faults but to gain freſh and new ones, and as the *Caviller* holds himſelfe to be a Subject out of curteſie not conſcience; ſo the *Cavalier* doth know himſelfe bound to be a true Liegeman to his King, not out of curteſie but conſcience. The *caviller* amplifies the caſuall ſlips and frailties of other men, and ſelfe-flatteringly extenuates his own groſſe enormities, he is quicke-ſighted

to spy a mote, but purblinde in discerning a beame, he will out-face a man that the smallest *Geneva* Print are the greatest Capital Letters, and that the roaring voyces of *Hunton*, is but the squeling of a *Pigmie*: y the *Cavalier* knowes his own faults to be greatest, and could be as contented to be quiet honourably, as to fight valiantly, he hath honest and unstained reputation besides a life to lose; whilest the *Cavillers* and their memorable Members of infamous and impious remembrances may bravely persist in Rebellion, for they have nothing to lose that is good, except the stolne Goods of the King and Kingdomes; they cannot lose Honour, for that is lost already, and forfeited by Rebellion and most horrid Treason; they cannot lose a Gentleman, for their Gentility is gone hand in hand with the lost Honour; they cannot lose a Protestant, for they have none of that Religion to be killed, except they murder them; nor can they lose a good Subject, for there is not one in their Armies: they may lose Traitours, Rebells, Thieves, Anabaptists, Brownists, Libertines, Hypocrites, Schismatickes, Separatists, Cheaters, and Cuckolds, but for them to lose an honest man is as impossible as to paint an *Echo*, or make the *Moon* a new Coat.

So that in this case the *Cavaliers* are at an exceeding great disadvantage, to fight with those unkinde kinde of Creatures, for they adventure *Pearles* against *Pebles*, and *Gold* to *Dirt*, a thousand pound to a nut-shell, and a large Kingdome to a small Mole-hill.

Indeed the inveterate hatred and malice of the *Cavillers* is no longer than they live, but (in their own life time) it extends towards the dead, for they have barbarously entred into Churches, (which are dedicated to the Service of God, and consecrated onely for pious and Divine Services) and there they have not onely torne and broken down all Ornaments of Order and comely Decency, but also they have rased Tombes, Sepulchres, Statues, Monuments, Bones, Escheucheons, Armes, Hatchments, and any thing that was either erected, engraven, carved, or inculped as most reverend Memories of the dead, the least part of which irreligious inhumanity would never have entred into the thought of the most savage Heathens, Pagans, Infidels, Cannibals, Atheists, *Anthropophagi* or Devils.

But note, and with horrour and trembling consider, how the Divine Vengeance hath suddenly confounded some of those malicious, misled Wretches, a few of which fearfull Examples I will truly relate.

It

It is not long since, that a sincere senseleſſe Church-warden at the Town of *Tewxbury* (in the yeare of his Reigne) causeſd a ſtone-Croſſe in the Church-yard to be pulled down, and in the upper part of it, wherein was graven or carved the Figures of our *Saviour's* remembrance *Crucified*, with the Formes of two persons weeping at the foot of the Croſſe, in memory of the extreme greifes and dolours which then afflicted the bleſſed Virgin, and Evangeliſt Saint *John*; which part of the Croſſe M. Church-warden causeſd to be hewen by a Maſon into a Hog-trough, (he being of the race of the *Gadarens*, and loved his *Swine* better than any memory of his *Redeemer*) but within two or three dayes all his Hogges and hoggiſh Beaſts were ſtrucken dead, his Wife ran mad, his Children, one was drowned, and himſelfe ſtrook with a miſerable languiſhing Diſeaſe, and died a wretched ſpectacle, or admirable miracle of miſery.

Another that boldly adventured to climbe up to pull down the *Croſſe* in *Cheap-ſide*, but he ſlipped his hold-faſt, and fell with his ribbes upon the iron pikes or grate which encompaſt the Croſſe, ſo that he was wounded to death with the fall.

Alſo, at *Worceſter*, a fellow would take upon him to teare down the *Organs*, and he fell from the top of them down upon the pavement of the Church, and brake his bones, that he preſently died.

Moreover, in *Oxford*, when the Rebells were there 1642. they moſt inſolently marched through the Streets, and impiouſly one of their Dragoones ſhot at the Figures of our *Saviour*, and the bleſſed *Virgin*, and with the ſhot beat and battered off the heads and faces of the harmeleſſe Figures, but he preſently fell from his Horſe, to the great endangering of a neck-breaking.

Another, the ſame time ſhot at the Similitude of *Chriſt*, over the Gate of *All-Soules Colledge*, and his Piece brake and ſplit and ſhivered his hand in pieces.

Alſo at *Merton Colledge*, another impudent Varlet did the like, but his powder-bagge being open, a ſparke of his Match fell into it, which ſet fire on his Powder, and blew out both his eyes. And but for two of theſe three Villanies, I would not have mentioned any of them, but that I knew one Maiſter *Thomas Rogers* a Chirurgian (deceaſed) in *Oxford*, had them in Cure, and he whoſe hand was torne was cured (though maimed) the other had one of his eyes recovered: and theſe Examples are ſufficient to deterre and hold mens hands from impious Sacriledge.

Moreover (to ſeaſen all the reſt) I muſt not omit the zeale of a devout Brother, whoſe name is *Francis Beale*, (dwelling in the *Axe-yard* in *Kings Street*

*Street, Weſtminſter.*) this *Beale* was ſometimes an Ale-houſe-keeper and Tobacco-man, that with pot and pipe, nicke, froath, puffe, and whiffe, gata devilliſh deale of money, by puniſhing, cheating, and beggering of Drunkards; then he gave over that kinde of life, and was a Porter to the Lady *Kincleavin*, ſince when he is turned Gentleman, and contributary bountifull Rebell; this *Beale* hath a ſon at mans eſtate, (a proper honeſt man) who left father, mother, Sectariſme and Rebellion, and hath long ſerved in His Majeſties Army, (which his father and mother hold to be Apoſtaſie) and ſhe good old Gentlewoman, with griefe and ſorrow that her ſon was ſo undutifull as to be a Proteſtant, and a good Subject, ſhe cauſed a Bill to be written to have him prayed for in the Church, which Bill was delivered in *Martin's* Church neare *Chearing-Croſſe*, to the famous Maſter *Caſe*, the Lecturer there on *Thurſdayes*; the Forme of the Bill was as followeth. *Theſe are to deſire you to take into your Chriſtian conſiderations the griefe and ſorrow of one Miſtris* Beale *of* Weſtminſter, *whoſe ſon* Francis Beale *is fallen away from grace, and ſerves the King in his Warres. Wherefore ſhe moſt humbly beſeecheth the prayers of this Congregation, that he may returne and be converted.* But this kinde Gentlewoman was not ſo fixed to *Browniſme*, *Anabaptiſme*, or *Round-headiſme*, but that within theſe few yeares ſhe was in hope that her hypocriticall going to heare Maſſe at the Queenes Chappell at *Denmarke* Houſe, would have been the meanes to have made her either a Nurſe, a Rocker, or a neceſſary Chaire-woman to the Duke of *Gloceſter*, but though ſhe failed of her Office, there was an old Knight, with a great feather, no haire, and ſo much wit that he entertained her all night (for her better edification in the Catholique Cauſe) in imitation of the Signe where ſhe dwelt, [An Axe cutting of a Feather] by this you may perceive how conſtant the Creature is in any Religion. I have read that *George*, King of *Bohemia*, and *John*, King of *Hungaria*, were at deadly Warre for Religion, and after much blood ſhed, the Kings having each of them a Foole or a Jeſter, they agreed that their Fooles ſhould have a ſingle Combate at Buffets, and which of them wan the Victory at Cuffes, that both the Kings ſhould be of the ſame Religion with the Conquerour; and ſuch as this was the zeale of Miſtris *Beale* and many thouſands more ſhallow-brain'd, malicious, ignorant, and leduced people that are Rebells for Religion, when as (God knowes) there is no Religion for Rebellion, nor can they ſhew any Reaſon why or wherefore they are thus mad againſt all obedience, order, and loyalty to God and their Soveraigne.

*But as poore ſilly Sheep run all together,*
*And in confuſion ſcud they know not whether;*

So

*So those mad People, pray, disburse, and fight,*
*Not knowing truths from lyes, or wrong from right:*
*The Multitude like Dogges with open jawes,*
*One hawles cause t'other barkes, yet knowes no cause:*
*Aske Rebells what's the reason they rebell,*
*And aske Dogges why they barke, They cannot tell.*

Thus with the deluding and threatenings of lying Lecturers, and printed Lyes, the Gates of *London* are shut and guarded so strongly, that Truth or Honesty can get no entrance; for it is a most dangerous thing for a Protestant or a true subject to live there; they may be perhaps perswaded to have a King, but they would have that King to have no Kingdome, they might be brought to call Him their Soveraigne Lord, but withall that he shall be without any Dominion, and they may be entreated to be called his subjects, provided that he will be subject to them; but I advise them, that as they have made bold to call themselves a Parliament, and been bolder to make a counterfeit Great Seale, so they may fill up the measure of their iniquities, and (by Master *Prinnes* Law) by as good right make a fresh and new counterfeit King; or if no man will be so impudent or insolent to accept it, take a suit of *John Pym's* cloathes well brush'd, pick'd, and lowsed, and stuffe it with straw, which being placed in the Throne will be a suitable Soveraigne to support the power of your Seale, Orders, Votes, and pretended Soveraigne Power of your Vtopian Parliament. If rebellious and bewitched *London* would with her many headed, misled Beasts, but examine themselves truly of two things, they would then perceive what falsities the grand *Cavillers* have blinded them withall, and to what misery their cavilling hath brought them, and (if God prevent not) will bring them into irremediable destruction. The first thing I wish them to call their consciences to an account of, is, *why they were Rebells at all?* The second is, *wherefore they do obstinately and execrably continue in Rebellion?* If every *Caviller* would catechise himselfe, they would finde that *they have wandred in vanity, and followed after Lyes.* They would hang down their heads with shame, and acknowledge themselves worthy to be hanged for their treacherous disobedience, and open hostile Treasons against so good and gracious a Soveraigne, they would then consider to what a ruinous Desolation they have brought this famous flourishing Kingdome, whose Government was admired and honoured through the whole world; till now of late a multitude of mis-begotten and worse bred Rebells have done their best and worst to bring all to confusion. For which wicked purposes they have made bold to make *Mer-*

*cury*

*cury* their counterfeit poste, poste-horse and pack-horse, who under the names of *Civicus*, *Britannicus*, *Scoutes*, *Scottish Pigeons*, and other pretty, ill-contrived, sweet, filthy, sophisticated Titles and Epithites, hath beswarmed all the Christian world over with English Lyes, written by as very Villaines as could be spew'd from the bottomlesse Pit, dispersst by as arrant Rogues as ever dropped into the Hangmans budget, and believed and countenanced by none but malicious Traitours, superstitious, nose-wise Schismatickes, or ignorant logger-heads, the fruits, and damnable events that have been produced from these Diabolicall practices. Contrarily, the *Cavalier* knowing his cause just, applies himselfe onely to Truth, both in fighting and writing, they have used three sorts of Christian Discipline to the *Cavillers*, in a charitable desire to conforme them. First, they have given them kinde admonitions, wherein they have told them truly, that the *Publique Faith* in which they have too much confided is no Faith either to be saved by, or to be made savers; they have further advertised them to beware of Sects, and believing seditious Counsels, because they were motives to *Rebellion, which is as the sin of Witchcraft*, 1 *Sam.* 15.23. Secondly, when *Admonition* would do no good with these *Cavillers*, the *Cavaliers* did take a little stiffer course, and from *exhortation* they fell to *reprehension*, telling them roundly that they were seduced and blinded by feares, flatteries and jealousies out of their earthly estates and lives, and extremely hazarding the losse of a better life to come. But when neither kinde *Admonition*, or wholesome *Reprehension* would worke upon their perfidious and benummed consciences, then were the *Cavaliers* inforced (for their own safety) to take defensive Armes, and to use the meanes to save the *Cavillers* soules, by beating them Northerly, Westerly, and most brotherly both in *Wales* and *England*; and by those wayes to belabour them out of their bad conditions into better manners: to this end and purpose, the *Cavalier* party have not onely used the Spirituall and Temporall Swords, but also they have with their pennes so hanged and basted their libellous and rebellious forgeries, and ridiculous sopperies, that their Ballad-makers and Pamphletteers are defunct, the bright lustre of Truth hath eclipsed them and gulleries, so that like rotten Sheep they would be glad to sculke under a hedge for shelter: and it is manifest that the Pen of a true Writer will cut keener than a Sword, when a lying, scandalous Knave cuts his own throat with his own Goose Quill.

Of the which scribling number, the nine times thrice valiant, conquering, commanding Captain *George Withers* hath written a pretty, foolish, witty, loyall, traiterous Book called *Campo Musæ*, composed of the two most delicate Simples, Flattery and Treason: but I leave him and the rest of the railing Rabble of *Rabshekaes* to amend or be hanged, and that is a

*FINIS.*

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